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matter.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1919.

Ambassador Ishii's Departure.
A "diplomatic situation" appears to be developing between the United States and Japan.
Reports to the State Department that an American hospital in Korea had been entered by Japanese gendarmes and Korean patients in the building arrested and removed, together with the reported arrest of Rev. Ely M. Mowry, of Mansfield, Ohio, Presbyterian missionary to Korea, preclude that a delicate situation has been born.
Difficulties seem to be rapidly increasing between the two nations. There has been a growing feeling in Japan against the United States for President Wilson's refusal to sanction a clause in the league of nations covenant which would insure against racial discrimination by any nation against the Orientals. There also has been strong anti-American propaganda circulated in Japan for some time, and the feeling between the United States and Japanese troops in the Orient is becoming estranged.
On top of this situation comes the announcement that Ambassador Ishii here is leaving this country. Reasons for his departure are conflicting. He is supposed to return home to confer with his government on important commercial problems. Dispatches from Tokyo indicate that he is not in accord with transactions at the Peace Conference.
Again his leaving possibly portends his appointment to take over the Japanese interests in Paris and attempt to win recognition of racial rights in the league of nations. This viewpoint presupposes that the failure of Baron Makino to accomplish the racial equality clause will mean his retirement as head of the Japanese delegation in Paris. Ambassador Ishii is known to have had designs on a Peace Conference seat and was keenly chagrined when he was not sent on this mission by his government.
It is not a secret in Washington that Ishii has been sensitive about the American and Japanese forces in Siberia and open clashes elsewhere. We recall that Ishii was largely responsible for finally winning President Wilson over to the idea of allied aid to the Czech-Slovaks in Russia. Lack of co-operation between the Japanese and American commanders in Siberia since has been the subject of wide comment and agitation in Japan.
Other sources which have apparently disturbed Ishii in his work here are allegations that Japan has designs on the Philippine Islands that America tolerates Korea's nationalistic aspirations and the prominence and acrid comment given by the American press to reported efforts of Japanese interests to locate in lower California.
Whatever the true purpose of Ambassador Ishii's return to Japan there are numerous unpleasant incidents between Japan and America which are irritating a delicate situation. We recall that such conditions have existed periodically in the past decade. All passed amicably without the consequences which alarmists predicted yet repeated misunderstandings and obligations on so delicate a subject will contribute to strain international relations to a serious point.

Spring is near when winter underclothes suggest the feel of cooties.
Why not depose the dove as the emblem of peace and adopt the snail?
The Kaiser is to be tried. That is, he is to be arraigned, heard, and convicted.
A peace conference could travel faster if it didn't use national ambitions as a motive power.
Never swallow a dose labeled Patriotic Duty until you have learned who put the label there.
We hope the boys will bring back enough of that liberty they fought for to start a new crop in America.
The Peace Conference may end the great war, but will it end all the little wars that developed as by-products?
We can't afford to recognize Bolshevism, and if it keeps on spreading we won't be able to recognize the world.
One reason why a new-formed government doesn't stick in Europe is because so many things stick to its fingers.
The little peoples in Southern Europe were "protected" from their enemies. But who will protect them from their friends?
After April 17, Wilson can clinch every argument by announcing that the George Washington is waiting for him at Brest.
The war has taught us that the only way to get results is to centralize authority. But every married woman knew that before the war.
The bandits are killing a few American citizens in Mexico, but think of the profit American citizens get by selling them ammunition.
If Lenin feels insulted about Hun threats to adopt Bolshevism, he can get even by threatening to cast aside all remaining scruples and adopt kultur.

The Washington Herald's Poet
TODAY RHYMES ON
STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL
By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.
I.
The Artist came down to the shop one day
Dressed up like the Candy Kid;
He shook off his Bennie and threw it away
And he tossed off his new spring lid.
II.
He shed his coat and he stripped his vest
And he tore off his tie and collar.
He kicked off his shoes with a lightsome jest
And the whole staff made a holler.
III.
Right here the stenographer flew the coop,
He was down to his Bee-bee-dee;
He stood on his head with a wild war-whoop
And endeavored to kick off these.
IV.
"He's gone plumb nuts," said the editor-guy,
"He is good for a bug-house trip!"
But the Artist replied, "Nuts nawthin! I—
I am doing my Comic Strip!"
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"SCHOOL DAYS"
By DWIG
New York, April 15.—There was no bush in sight.
Nor any sprig of green.
Just dirt-caked cobbles,
And the sidewalk's gray.
And sullen red buildings.
And yet in this heart
Of the great city's slums,
Where the Five Points meet,
Under the clutter
Of a roaring elevated,
At the tip of Chinatown,
I saw them playing.
Singing the song of spring.
"Round and Round."
"The Mulberry Bush."
Little slum babies,
Whose high sweet voices,
Battled with the traffic roar,
To their little minds,
High walls are trees,
And in their midst,
The faded bush is seen.
Vocal with spring and birds,
And lush with green.
Across the street,
Comes a lean, bent form.
Of some ancient wreck,
Who halts and smiles,
With slobbering lips,
And a jerking hand.
And he straightens up,
In his deadened soul,
He feels a sharp jab.
The years roll back,
He knows it is spring,
And he smiles again.
And moves on.
To eke a meal,
From a penny coffee stand.
And giant hooves strike,
Sparks from clattering street,
And the great trucks,
Thunder a Titan roar.
But it does not drown,
That childish song,
"Round and Round."
"The Mulberry Bush."
"All on a Sunday morning."
Spring touches slumland,
With the same magic touch.
That opens the buds,
In the far away hills,
And the city sidewalk,
Blossoms with a ring,
Just as joyful,
As that of the country lane.



They're bitin' line
down at the ole
sycamore—
Ea Smiles caught
a goggle eye seven inches
long
Got, Joe?
How many
worms you
got, Joe?
The home guard

THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.
It is impossible to forget that Germany didn't warm up to Wilson's "fourteen points" until it was licked.—Rochester Herald.
Figures show that King George has traveled more miles than any other monarch. Figures may not show it, but anyone would bet Wilhelm holds the record for staying away longest.—Knoxville Journal.
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2,000 Doughboys Get English Educations
London (By mail).—Two thousand Yankee doughboys are attending British colleges.
When Britain asked the American military officials here how many of their college soldiers would like to take a short course in a British school, the Americans cheerfully replied:
"About 30,000."
They compromised on 2,000. About 200 are in attendance at Cambridge.
Has 22 Children.
London.—Six sets of twins in eleven years, and ten other children is the record of Mrs. Dowington, Guernsey resident, who has received the congratulations of King George, and a monetary present.

CAUTIOUS PEACE DELEGATES BURN WASTE PAPER SCRAPS
By JAY JEROME WILLIAMS.
Paris, March 25 (by mail).—What part does waste paper play in the Peace Conference?
Judging by the amount of caution that is evidenced in everything pertaining to peace, as exemplified by the presence of many shrewd detectives whose only duty is to guard the secrets of shrewd plenipotentiaries, waste paper plays a leading role in the many little dramas that are subsidiary to the "big show" staged every afternoon at the Quai d'Orsay.
Statesmen, it seems, have the unfortunate habit of transcribing on note paper the thoughts that arise in their minds when a discussion is in progress. Sometimes their notes are only scattered sentences, other times they may be more voluminous, and when the discussion ceases the papers bearing them are generally crumpled up and tossed into the nearest waste paper basket. And this is the time when the detectives enter the scene.
Paper is All Burned.
At the British headquarters in the Hotel Astoria, for instance, is a standing rule pertaining to nothing save the disposition of waste paper. It has to do with its collection by trusted employees, the assembling of all baskets in one room, a careful inspection of all their contents by other trusted employees, and finally the cremation of all the waste paper by employees of such untainted character that they could be trusted with the secrets of empires.
If certain furnaces in Paris were gifted with the power of speech they could tell most interesting accounts of the writings that went up in smoke within them.
When the Peace Conference holds plenary sessions, at which all the delegates are represented, there is quite a study of human nature and its penchant for a pencil and a pad of paper, especially at a time when some one is speaking.
The delegates might easily be taken for a group of newspaper correspondents at a national convention, for at one time or another most of them are busy scribbling away on paper. But when all is said and done, the paper is carefully gathered up and heaved into a waiting furnace below.
President Uses Pad.
President Wilson, it is said, has the habit of drawing lines on his pad of paper, and a code book would be necessary to decipher their meanings. They are straight lines, crooked lines, perpendicular ones and sometimes cross-cross lines. Secretary Lansing, however, puts his thoughts down in the form of pictures, but art will never know them, for they, too, find their way into the furnace.
Other delegates scribble away in practically all languages under the sun, with the exception of German, but their hastily improvised thoughts also go into oblivion through the medium of a hot fire.
The caution that is taken is said to be necessary, for as the Peace Conference progresses it would be a horrible thing—it was said by one person—if a scribbled draft of the final treaty of peace were found in a waste basket by some inquisitive person, especially if it were found about three weeks before the "Big Five" decided to let people that it had gotten to the point of composing the final treaty.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR
By John Kenrick Bangs
PICTURES.
I've never seen old Tokyo, nor visited in Lhasa.
I've never looked on China, or the forests of Mombassa.
But I've no doubt that they exist, for I've seen pictures of 'em.
Full of the beauties rich and rare that make the nations love 'em.
And so it is with future things. Or Heaven I've a feeling
We're pictures of it everywhere, its beauties rich revealing,
In human love, and sympathy, and all the glorious heaven
Of lovely things the Earth provides to prove the truth of Heaven.
(Copyright, 1919.)

Who's Who in Our City
JOHN G. HODGES.
Printer's Ink Has Figured Strongly In the Family of This Local Bookbinder Who Has Followed His Trade Here for Twenty-five Years.
John G. Hodges' father was a bookbinder, so was his grandfather, and so is John G. and John G.'s son, who was associated with him in business before enlisting in the navy, where he recently received a commission in the Naval Aviation Service, probably will be a bookbinder, too. For more than 150 years bookbinding has been the calling of the Hodges family. An uncle, Robert Hodges, brother of John G.'s father, spent sixty-seven years in a Philadelphia bindery. He learned his trade in a shop and spent his entire career there.
Hodges is prominent in Masonic circles. He is a past master of the Temple-Noyes Lodge, active two years, and is a member of various high organizations of the order. He has been a Master Mason for twenty-five years.
Hodges is preparing to move again, this time into a building of his own, at 191 E street northwest.
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HOROSCOPE.
Wednesday, April 16, 1919.
Saturn and Neptune rule strongly for evil today, according to astrology. In the evening Jupiter is in benefic aspect.
It is a sway under which there is likely to be much questioning of motives and bitter fault-finding.
Analysis is supposed to be encouraged during this configuration which is supposed to foment discontent and to encourage labor troubles.
Saturn gives warning of revolutionary tendencies that will develop in many quarters on this side of the ocean. The seers declare that they who rule by right of political power or financial status should take counsel with leaders of the people.
Neptune is in a place read as exceedingly menacing for national serenity as there is a prophecy that many voices will be raised to accuse, wherever public men meet.
During this planetary direction workers in iron and steel are supposed to be more than commonly susceptible to suggestion that makes for trouble.
Mining again appears to be subject to sinister government of the planets. The stars that are held to increase the desire for overcoming authority may affect workers, who may demand profit sharing or other wage adjustments.
Public excitement and high feeling among the people of many cities are overshadowed by the planets.
There is a sign read as forecasting waste of public money and extravagance in governmental affairs, especially in cities.
Trade unions come under a rule that is declared beneficial. Growth in strength and influence is prognosticated.
Italy and France are both subject to a sway that is not altogether fortunate.
The culmination of Saturn is not altogether lucky for the King of England and the government.
Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a successful year. They should guard against deception.
Children born on this day are likely to be generous and popular. Many inventors are born under this sign.
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WELL! AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!
New York, April 15.—Dark days ahead for prohibitionists. W. H. Anderson, New York, Anti-Saloon League, says it's possible for a man to go out with a rip-saw and get drunk on a fence, because alcohol can be made from sawdust.
New York, April 15.—Justice Frothingham sighed when he fined John Mariani \$15 for punching a cafe hat checkman. Many judicial decisions go against the grain, he remarked.
New York, April 15.—Fifty children in Little Italy are ill today. The nuts they stole from a peddler's cart were being carted to a dye-making laboratory.
Springfield, Ill., April 15.—Striving religiously to live up to his name, Representative Church introduced a bill making Sunday labor unlawful.
Blandinsville, Ill., April 15.—Clarence Murphy's chicken house was infested with mites. Kerosene would have gotten them, he heard. He saturated the house and touched a match. It got 'em.
Lebo, Kans., April 15.—A wet trail through dry Kansas from Kansas City to Wichita was intercepted at Emporia. Marshal Ellis chased the automobile into Sheriff Owen's arms. Total: 540 quarts of whiskey.
Oklahoma City, Okla., April 15.—Why kill the golden-egg goose? Charles Yorrie, white-haired Texan, charged with drunkenness, paid his fine rather than tell where he got his stimulant.
Chicago, April 15.—Spiritualists produced the shade of Lou Housenman for his daughter Lillian. "He's in spiritland," they said. "Wrong," corrected Lillian. "It's Hot Springs."

MINNEAPOLIS, April 15.—A woman's face is not the proper place on which to strike a match. Augusta Proland wants a divorce.
Boston, April 15.—"Telephone strike on. Call a taxi if you need our service." Is the way an undertaker here let the public know he is open for business.
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'Round the Town With CAPT. I. WALTER MITCHELL
For Some Wise Guy.
A trio of strangers were standing near the New Masonic Temple trying to figure out the style of architecture employed in constructing the queer looking building at 1312 New York avenue northwest. As Frank P. Morgan, veteran newspaper man and raconteur came along one of the visitors asked:
"What building is that, sir?"
"Hall of the Ancients," Mr. Morgan responded, "and if some wise guy would convert it into a hall of the moderns and exhibit relics of the world war and what not, he could fatten his bank roll to elegant proportions."
Big Time at Baltimore.
When Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered his men in gray at Appomattox, April 9, fifty-four years ago, and brought the civil war to a conclusion, he gave his opponents in blue an opening for a succession of jubilant occasions. A number of Washington veterans went to Baltimore Wednesday to participate in the anniversary celebration of Wilson Post, G. A. R., of that city. One of the honored guests was Col. O. H. Oldroyd, of the Lincoln house, 516 Tenth street northwest, who is adjutant general of the Department of the Potomac. G. A. R. The colonel returned to this city last night and reported that the boys in blue at the big gathering turned the clock back more than half a century for the nonce.
Remembering the Maine.
I am informed by former Commander W. L. Hull, of the President's Own Garrison, Army and Navy Union, that the usual impressive ceremonies will be held by that organization in the Maine section of Arlington, May 30. The first service for the men of the Maine was held by a dozen patriotic men and women, known as the Maine Memorial Committee, February 15, 1899, soon after the first interments were made there. From that small beginning the observance has grown into one of national importance.
After Forty-Three Years.
Col. Barry Bulkley, vice-president and secretary of the Crandall Theaters, informs me that forty-three years ago as a boy in knickerbockers, he stood on the stage of Wall's Opera House, Ninth street and Louisiana avenue, now the Folly Theater, and won the prize for elocution. The golden medal suspended from a ribbon, was placed about his neck by the late Rev. John Paret, then rector of Epiphany Episcopal Church, and afterwards Bishop of Maryland. He never entered the old playhouse again until several evenings ago when he went there to witness a wrestling bout.
I went Col. Bulkley one better when I informed him that I "sneaked" in old Wall's Opera House in 1867 or 1868, when Johnny Clem, now a bigadier general retired, was the juvenile star in the war drama, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh."
Seriousness of Sarcasm?
The conductors on the Mount Pleasant division of the W. R. and E. Company have become unusually polite since the opening up of spring. Col. G. M. Mackintosh of 1315 Meridian place, remarked last night. "The company must have secured a bunch of graduates from some school of politeness." Ask the other suburbaners or "tites."
Credit to the Judiciary.
Under the magic spell of Washington workingmen the ancient city hall, at Indiana avenue and John Marshall place, now designated as the "courthouse," resembles some old Roman temple. The regeneration of the building is about complete and it will be an architectural adornment instead of the former eyesore.



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30c for Women's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs; hemstitched, spoke and reverse stitch.
35c for Women's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs; hemstitched and spoke stitch.
45c for Women's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs; hemstitched, spoke and reverse stitch.
50c for Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, with 1/4-inch hem.
\$1.00 for Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, with 1/4, 1/2 or 3/4 inch hemstitch hems.
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We have at our command a large corps of skilled needleworkers to execute initials, monogram crests, etc., of exclusive design, or one's own ideas can be carried.
Art Needlework Salon
Miss Warner is giving special attention and instructions daily for the new Fillet Sweaters, both silk and wool. The newest shades in "Corticeil Silk" and "Good Shepherd" and "Augeeese" Wool Yarns now in stock. Special display of hand-embroidered, finished model Kimonos, Gowns, Combinations, Children's and Infants' Dresses, Play Suits, Rompers, Scarfs, Centerpieces, Doyley Sets, Boudoir Pillows, etc.